

WHOLE NUMBER 7,887

Commander—W. O. Milne.
Senior Vice-Commander—J. I. Co-
Chaplain—Thomas B. Naser.
Quartermaster—James H. Parney.
Surgeon—A. F. Naylor, M. D.
Director of Guard—Brigadier Genl.
Delegates to Department Con-
Edward Burroughs and J. H. Stacy.
Alternates—J. P. Cotton and Char-
Flowers Cox and J. J. I. Gree-
Pearson and Charles Barker.
Treasurer—John Hays Pamel, Jr.
Georgeball and A. F. Naylor, M. D.

Abducted by John the Baptist

By Ward Rice

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XVI
MISS ZENITH CONFESSES.

The father and lover returned to Minersville in company and together went to Captain Zenith's residence, hoping that Miss Stella had returned.

Although their hopes were not strong their disappointment was deep when their fears were confirmed.

Miss Zenith was there and in a state of great distress.

Miss Zenith, too, was in a state bordering upon distraction, for, by a dispatch received from Captain Zenith they had learned that Miss Stella was not with the adjutant.

When the returning travelers entered the house Captain Zenith asked: "Have you heard anything from her?"

"Not a word. As soon as your telegram was received we started parties out to search; but nothing new has been learned, though the country is filled with excitement."

Captain Zenith sat in silence for many minutes, his face full of pain. The grief and fatigues of the past few days left his features scarcely recognizable, even to his own family.

At last there in silence with unassuming eyes, Mollie gazed on him with a new horror, for she thought that he was dead. Suddenly he sprang up and seized her:

"Mollie! Where is your sister? Is she living or is she dead?"

Miss Zenith was frightened. She faltered, almost fainting, and but for the grasp of her father she would have fallen; but she recovered herself sufficiently to say:

"Oh, my God! I wish I knew! I wish I knew!"

"Don't lie to me, girl! You know! If she is living, where is she? If she is dead, where is the body? Why is she concealed if she is living? Is she held by force? Or is she—no—is she disgraced?" As he finished the question he released Miss Zenith and sat down with his face in his hands.

"My God! Oh, my God! Why do you say this to me?"

"Because you know what has become of your sister! You see us all in distress, you witness our despair and continue to torture us as you may be torturing that poor child! But you shall tell me at once! Where is Stella?"

Again he sprang up and laid violent hold of Miss Zenith.

"I do not know."

"Girl! Do you tempt me to use violence? Where is your sister?"

"Captain Zenith, will you permit me to ask Miss Zenith a few questions? Miss Zenith, the adjutant interposed, will you kindly answer me a few important questions touching this terrible matter?"

"Willingly, gladly, truthfully; whatever I can answer, at all."

"Why did you tell me that Miss Stella had gone to New York?"

"To mislead you and prevent you from meeting her if I could. I knew that by some means Miss Letson would learn her at least one day and I hoped to be able by some means to keep you apart after that."

"Why did you induce your father to follow me to New York?"

"I did not know that you had gone to New York. I supposed you to be at Scranton with your soldiers; when I left home I was only to go to Scranton, I did not know that he would go to New York. I induced him to go to Scranton because I believed Stella to be there with you. I knew that in trying to walk home she was doing her utmost to keep faith with you; I did not doubt that she had telegraphed to you her failure to get home by the train and her determination to walk; that after leaving here you received her message; I believed that having received her message you met her and induced her to go away with you and get married. That is the whole truth; God knows that that is all. I wish that I knew more."

XVII.
AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

The entire population of Minersville and the surrounding country and adjacent towns was aroused.

Thousands of men tramped over the hills in every direction, for miles.

Cardons of searchers were systematically moved forward and back, sweeping like a living broom across every hill, through every hollow, over every plateau and valley.

Not a cluster of bushes, not a hollow stump, not a stream or pool, well or shaft, not a barn or empty structure or any outbuilding was, for miles around, left unexplored.

During the day the hills were peopled more thickly than were the pleasant parks of a populous city on a fair day. All night the hills were red with fires and aflame with glaring torches.

Day and night, night and day, the search went on and the same ground was covered repeatedly; but not a trace was discovered, not a clue was found. Hope died within the hearts of the searchers and their numbers began to decrease. Some were worn out physically; some retired because of their conviction that further search would be futile.

Some alleged that the young lady had disappeared from reasons of her own. Some did not doubt that the adjutant had her safely carried off. Some had no doubt that she had eloped with one of the adjutant's rivals. Some concluded that she had been captured by brigands who, in due time would demand a ransom. Many did not doubt that she had been murdered and the body secretly buried.

Then came rumors from many distant places that the young lady had been discovered at each. Sometimes she was reported to be on the stage; sometimes she was a milliner; sometimes a waiter in a dining room; sometimes a clerk; sometimes a saleswoman once she was in a lunatic asylum. These rumors were very exciting. They burdened the telegraph and occupied much space in press

reports. Many newspapers published unrecognizable pictures of Miss Stella beside the picture of the "discovered" and sometimes there really was a resemblance, which was usually found to be due to the skill of the engraver or the artist.

All these rumors were investigated, for each really inspired a hope. Many people have become suddenly crazed and it would not do to let any hope go by ungrasped.

When the volunteer searchers abandoned hope and retired from the search the adjutant begged for a detachment of cavalry with which to renew the search and a detachment was detailed under his command for that purpose and again, in a careful and systematic manner he scoured the whole country, but with no new results.

When, in the regular course of their march they came to the abode of John the Baptist, they found him at his door with a pitcher of water just brought from the adjacent spring, and the adjutant said:

"Have you seen or heard anything of the young lady who is lost among the hills?"

"You seek the virgin? The time is at hand! Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his path straight! I intended, baptize you with water, but one cometh after me who is mightier than I, the latchet of whose shoe I am not worthy to loose. He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost!"

"Do you see all these people? They are looking for a young lady who is lost. Old man, pull your wits together and try to remember if you have seen her."

"Yes, Yes; the virgin! Ye seek the virgin, but your time is not yet! The time is ripe! There be some standing here which shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in his glory; for he shall come in the clouds of heaven and all his holy angels with him! Ye scribbles and pharisees, hypocrites! Oh, ye generation of vipers! Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

"It is useless! He would not remember, if he had seen her an hour ago."

The thick walled hut with its stone roof and matted door was left to its insane proprietor and the searchers went onward over the hills, anxiously continuing a hopeless search.

For a full week the adjutant and his detachment went fruitlessly up and down among the hills, scanning their summits and scouring their bases. Then the troops were ordered back to camp and the search for the lost Stella Zenith was ended and her disappearance was added to the great catalogue of unsolvable mysteries.

XVIII.
TOM COYNE MAKES A TRADE.

Tom Coyne was a Free-born American boy. His parents lived next door to the Zeniths and naturally enough Tom lived there also. Quite as naturally the young lad of the Zenith household entered ed many decided opinions concerning the average Free-born American boy; and the consensus of opinion among the Misses Zenith was antagonistic to the Free-born American boy and they sometimes expressed their respective opinion to Tom personally in language as vigorous, emphatic and unmistakable as custom permits the Free-born American Maiden to make use of. Indeed, there is no doubt that they sometimes stretched the permission of custom to its utmost limits and ceased to stretch that permission with some reluctance, feeling that justice had not been done in the case; perhaps even feeling that justice is unfair and tyrannical when she forbids young ladies to employ all of the resources of language concerning the Free-born American boy.

Some days after the search for Miss Stella was abandoned Tom Coyne entered the parlor where his mother was chatting with a neighbor. His niece was that of a conqueror of nations who fully appreciated his own importance to historians.

"Now, that's what I call a bargain!" he said, displaying a flint-lock musket of the oldest pattern extant. The stock was clumsy, the barrel of amazing length, and the calibre great enough to carry a peach. But it was a gun and that satisfied Tom. For its oddities, its deft nittles, he cared nothing; his boyish ambition had been to own a gun; this was a gun; he owned this gun; therefore he was happy.

"Tom! Where in the world did you get that?" his mother asked in a disapproving tone that was lost on Tom.

"It's mine."

"Where did you get it?"

"Traded for it."

"What did you trade for it?"

"Brownie."

"Oh, Tom! You poor foolish boy! That old gun is not worth fifty cents and the calf is worth five or six dollars! Your father will make you undo that trade."

"You tell him that? I'd rather have this gun 'n a whole drove of calves! 'N it won't eat nuthin' 'n it won't cost nuthin' 'n it will kill rabbits like gosh! 'n I can eat rabbits 'n I'll see that it kills plenty of 'em, you bet! 'N I'll have one fun with this gun in a hour that I could ever have with Brownie! 'N I can play with a gun 'n enjoy it! 'n no feller with good sense can play with a calf 'n have fun!"

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, my boy, but it is a foolish trade."

"Well, mayn't I say it to-day?"

"You may keep it till your father comes home and then he may do as he pleases."

"N you make 'n a lot me keep it, Ma! anyway I'll g huntin' now; I've got powder 'n shot."

He stuffed his pockets full of old newspapers for wadding and proceeded to load the piece. The gun was so long that he had to thrust the butt several feet to the rear before the muzzle was lowered within his reach so that he could pour into it the tremendous charge of powder that he held in his palm. Having deposited the powder in the barrel he stood the piece erect and rattled the butt on the floor to settle the charge into the chamber. Finding that he could not, owing to the altitude of the muzzle, keep the gun perpendicular while he drove the wadding home, he mounted an upholstered chair and started a roll of paper down the long bore. Then a difficulty was encountered; the rammer could not be drawn without inclining the gun, the length of the gun added to the length of the rammer exceeding the height of the ceiling; and Tom had an idea that the powder must be kept level in the chamber or something would happen! Therefore the gun must not be inclined until the wadding was packed upon the powder. Climbing down from the chair he went to the porch and stood the gun on the ground, so that there was only

a cloud for the rammer to penetrate. Having rammed the wad home with a vigorous and willing arm Tom sent a handful of shot rattling down upon it and after the leaden pellets he sent another section of newspaper. Throwing the gun across his left arm he proceeded to prime it by pouring powder into the pan which he uncovered for that purpose. Captain Zenith was sitting on his own porch reading the Scranton Republican and Tom's priming movement brought him into range and he cried:

"Tom! Don't point that thing this way!"

"Beg your pardon, Captain, I didn't notice any one!" and the gun was shifted with the muzzle toward the parlor window, bringing the sportsman's mother into range.

"What are you going to shoot, Tom?" Captain Zenith inquired, "rebels, deserters or a provost marshal?"

"Habitue! 'n you bet I'll kill a drove of 'em! I know where they're thicker 'n hens' teeth!"

"If you kill for market you may bring me two brace."

"How much 'n you give?"

"Market price."

"All right, I don't know how much that is, but I'll find out 'f you don't know. 'N say, Captain Zenith, I've just traded Brownie for this gun 'n Ma says 'Pap won't lemme keep it. Won't you tell Pap 'e oughtta lemme keep it?"

"Yes, Tom, I'll talk it over with him and help you if I can."

"Thank you, Captain. You're a brick 'f yer girls is sassy. I tell you girls of yours is terrible 'n I don't see how you get along 'livin' in the same house with 'em. It's bad enough 'livin' next door. Carlie isn't so bad, but I wish a bushel that Mollie was a boy for about a hour! I'd enjoy the occasion by givin' her a mighty good lickin' to last her for life 'n make her respect boys as long as she lives. Now Stella was different! She'd give a feller five fer tricks, but she'd treat him nice, too; 'n she'd help a feller over a fence 'f she did scold him for climbin' it. I always liked her 'n I always liked you, too, Captain, 'n I'm awful sorry Stella's lost."

"Thank you, Tom," the Captain answered with tears in his eyes, and in tones that told of an aching heart.

Tom proudly shouldered his artillery and took up his march of happiness to the scene of anticipated conquest and glorious slaughter.

XIX.
THE PROPHET AND THE VIRGIN.

"I am the voice of one crying out in the wilderness, saying, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his path straight!'"

The words at first apparently away, away, miles away, then close at hand, aroused the fainting girl and she opened her eyes and saw the Prophet standing over her.

From childhood the Prophet had been Miss Stella's familiar terror. Now, when she was weak, exhausted, crippled and helpless, the sight of him, there, was more terrifying than would have been a sight of the spectre in unclad bones and she fainted again.

"The time is ripe! Father! Thou hast revealed unto me the Virgin! His chosen one whom all creatures and men and angels shall hallow! The virgin whom He hath blessed!"

Once more she heard that deep voice and awoke to find herself clasped in the strong bare arms of the Prophet as he bore her toward the iron door of the stone hut. Her terror was now so great that instead of depriving her of her consciousness as before, it roused all her faculties to their highest. She made an effort to release herself but he was unconscious of her purpose and clung to her with tender care. She continued her struggles as she said:

"You are the good Prophet, John the Baptist, are you not?"

"He hath revealed it unto thee. Thou art the inspired Mother; no man hath revealed it unto thee. I am that Prophet; but no man is good; God is good."

"Please take me home!"

"God hath prepared for thee a habitation for the nativity of His Son; for as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so also shall the coming of the Son of Man be. Once was He born in a manger as it is recorded in the sacred books of his chosen apostles; now shall he be born in a cave as it is erroneously written that he was foretold."

"Oh, take me home; please take me home! I am hurt and I am lost."

"Who can understand the deep mysteries of God, save them to whom He hath revealed them? He hath chosen thee from among all thy sex and now art thou revealed unto me whom He hath preserved, commanding me to minister unto thee at His name may be glorified."

"I must treat him as a crazy man," she said mentally; then, aloud: "Since it is God's will that you should minister to me, bring me to the water and then hasten to town and bring some one skilled in surgery for I am badly hurt."

"Blessed among women and forever to be revered among men art thou, since thou art the second Mother of the Son. Surely it is His will that I shall minister unto thee."

She felt assured that he meant her no harm; that he regarded her as a good and himself as a servant, but his answer raised a fear that he considered himself her only servant, and that he would allow no one but himself to serve her. Therefore she remained silent, revolving what was expedient and what was possible as he bore her within his hut.

He carried her through two dark chambers, into a third where he laid her upon a bed of hay, spread upon rough boards that were supported by unknown posts.

This chamber was long, wide and very irregular in form; so low that the Prophet could not quite stand erect in it. There were three stools—old chairs without backs, given to the Prophet by the people; a large pitcher, a few cheap dishes of odd sets, a wash basin; two lamps, one of an old fashion, being a triangular iron pan filled with melted tallow in which floated a bit of cotton cloth, one end hanging over the edge of the pan and burning. This lamp stood upon a small broken stand which was arranged and draped as an altar with curtains of old cotton prints and an open Bible was upon the altar beside the burning lamp.

By the dim light upon the altar Miss Stella was able to see that the apartment was only a chamber in the drift of a coal mine and she concluded that the hut had been built at the entrance to an old mine that the drift might be thus utilized for habitation.

Having deposited his burden upon

the bed the Prophet approached the altar where he knelt and prayed, fervently praising Jehovah for his goodness and mercy and long-suffering. He earnestly petitioned for the speedy redemption of the world from sin and death and the elect from suffering.

While the Prophet prayed Miss Stella reflected that she must depend upon him for relief and release. She realized that to control him she must humor his hallucination with which she had been familiar since long before she was able to comprehend it. Although her suffering was excruciating her own overpowering individuality and the wonderful strength of will and amazing self command that she possessed enabled her to see the lighter side of her unfortunate position and she uttered her reflections to her own ear:

"I certainly was not born for the stage; I know that; but before this limited and partial audience I must venture to assume the role of the New Virgin and I may do so with reasonable anticipation of success; but I shall not demand an encore."

When the Prophet arose she said to him:

"In the hollow of His hand hath the father sheltered thee since the first advent of the Son that thou shouldst herald the second coming of that Son and prepare His way."

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, saying, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his path straight!'"

"For me thou hast searched long and to-day, through great tribulation and suffering have I been guided to thee that thy soul may rejoice and that thou shouldst minister unto me as thou wouldst minister unto the Son, and that thy mission might at length be accomplished."

"No mortal hath revealed it unto thee. Men scoff at the prophet of the Son who cometh unto his own. In other times he came unto his own and his own received him not. They stoned his prophets of old and in those latter days they have derided his messenger whom He hath sent before his face as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, saying, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His path straight!'"

"I suffer much. Bring water that I may have my limb which an accident hath injured. Oh, hasten, hasten; I suffer!"

"Behold, oh Mother of the Son, I am thy servant and only thine till He come, when I will be His servant first and in being His servant I shall be also thine. Let me therefore hear thy commands that I may obey; only, till He come, I may not leave thee."

"Bring water."

The Prophet produced the great pitcher which was full of water and at her bidding slowly poured the cooling element upon her tortured limb. Her relief was great and when the pitcher was empty she sent him to refill it. Upon his return she said:

"This foot is wrenched from its place and the pain is almost more than I can bear. Do you understand surgery?"

Her pain and her anxiety were so great that she forgot to maintain her sacred forms of speech, but the Prophet did not notice this fact.

"The Father will give me knowledge as I require."

"You must carefully exert the great strength He has given you as I direct. Take hold upon this foot thus," and she fixed his hands upon the heel and over the instep, "and pull upon it with all your power, straight away, till it is replaced. Mind me not if I should cry out or faint; for I know not if I shall be able to endure it."

"Even as thou wilt, shall it be; for the Father hath sent thee to me for care as thou shalt require."

She placed her uninjured foot firmly

against the foot-board of the bed and laid hold upon the head-rail with both hands. Then, nerving herself for the agony, she bade him, yet he was tender and reverent and pulled as she had instructed him; steadily, firmly, straight. When the strain was felt she screamed, but maintained her position. Perspiration gushed from every pore and when the joint snapped into place she fainted.

"Bring bandages that I may bind it up."

"There are none here. I will pray to the Father and he will provide."

Again he knelt at the altar and prayed. This time as a confiding child asks a simple gift from an indulgent parent, he asked for linen wherewith to make bandages as the Chosen Virgin might have need.

While the Prophet prayed Miss Stella tore from one of her muslin skirts as much material as she required and made bandages with which she lightly bound the injured limb.

Having concluded his prayer the Prophet returned to her. Seeing that she was already provided with the bandages he evinced no surprise whatever and said in the most matter-of-fact manner:

"Ask ye and ye shall receive; 'no good thing will be withheld from them that ask him.' Why do the sons of men refuse to learn that they should ask for what they want and want only that which is good?"

Her spirits fell; the gloom of the place acted upon her mind. A great fear of—she knew not what—something intangible but terrible overcame her.

The air of the subterranean cell stifled her; the place became an awful impenetrable prison in the inaccessible bosom of the earth; why did not the Prophet return? Could he have forgotten the Virgin? Had he wandered away to preach among the people as he often did?

Oh, the horror, the awful horror of the place! She could not endure it; she must escape! She got up to go out but she had not the strength to stand up and she fell to the floor. Feebly she crawled back upon the bed. She cried aloud for help. She was sure that hours had passed since the Prophet's departure! She would be left there to perish alone under the earth out of the sight of men! Forever out of the sight of men!

An awful agony of terror was upon her; the horror was greater than she could bear; her reason abandoned to terror; her mind became chaos; delirium directed her imagination.

She was no longer alone. She saw about her a multitude of living terrors in distorted forms; hideous dwarfs, horrible giants, grinning clownish gnomes, implacable pigmies, ferocious hobgoblins, inhuman creatures in human forms, with heads of hawks and owls and ugly birds of prey, whose hands and feet were talons, and whose talons and beaks pinched and pierced and tore her limb!

The whole cave was filled with repulsive reptiles and dangerous beasts. They hustled and fought each other for space and opportunity to attack her. They clung to the walls and hung from the low roof. She was buried in writhing, wriggling lizards; bats whirled and swooped and ducked about in every direction and some burrowed in her hair. Hissing serpents crawled and coiled on every side, lurked among her garments, and with arched necks thrust up through coiled and writhing bodies, darted glittering tongues at her from between sparkling eyes in dark corners; while rats with beady eyes and blistering feet scampered over her quivering body and a thousand spiders, as big as prattling babes, with clasped hands formed a circle all about her and danced, danced, danced, up and down, all moving, once, up and down, up and down, all moving alike and all ready to bite her limb when the snapping turtles would let go of it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Price Reduced for Cash.

J. E. Glass likes nothing better than telling a good story, and one that he told me the other day will bear repeating. Matt Clark, who used to be in the office of the land commissioner, over in the capital building, and has for years been identified with pine and land matters, lives out on Summit avenue, in St. Paul. He has a little son five or six years old, who, despite his youth, displays a marked aptness for business. Desiring to earn a little money with which to buy fireworks for the Fourth he persuaded his mother to allow him to run a small lemonade stand on the street in front of the house. A lady came along soon after he had started in business and asked for a glass of lemonade. He told her that the lemonade in one pan was five cents a glass and that in the other pan two cents per glass.

"Why do you charge only two cents for this lemonade, while you charge five cents for the other?" asked the lady. "Isn't it just as good?"

"Yes, it's just as good in either pan," replied the boy.

"All right," said the lady, "give me some of the two-cent lemonade, if that is the case."

After she had drank the glassful and paid for it, she said:

"Now, Johnnie, I want you to tell me why you only charge two cents for this lemonade, when it is just as good as the other?"

"Well, you see, it's just this way," replied Johnnie. "This here lemonade that I charge five cents for was made just the same as that in the other pan that only costs two cents, but Bobby Jones' little bull pup fell in that pan, and so I am selling it three cents cheaper!"—Mississippi Valley Lumberman.

Horses from Switzerland.

Choice stock from this country is finding its way into that part of Europe. A Swiss buyer makes frequent trips picking up a good many animals directly from farmers in the vicinity of Chicago. The horses are large draft animals and sell in the foreign market at \$120 to \$300.

For Infants and Children.

Castoria

For Infants and Children.

Castoria

against the foot-board of the bed and laid hold upon the head-rail with both hands. Then, nerving herself for the agony, she bade him, yet he was tender and reverent and pulled as she had instructed him; steadily, firmly, straight. When the strain was felt she screamed, but maintained her position. Perspiration gushed from every pore and when the joint snapped into place she fainted.

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Newport, Providence, Wickford, Fall River, New York

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New York, Providence, Wickford, Fall River, Newport

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Newport, Providence, Wickford, Fall River, New York

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New York, Providence, Wickford, Fall River, Newport

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1897.

Time Table.

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 1st, 1897.

Jamestown & Newport Ferry Co.

From foot of Market Square, Newport.

STEAMER CONANICUT

will run as follows:

LEAVE NEWPORT. LEAVE JAMESTOWN.

6:45 A. M. 8:30 A. M.

9:30 " 10:30 " Mail

10:30 " 11:30 " Mail

12:30 " 1:30 " P. M.

2:30 " 3:30 " " Mail

5:30 " 6:30 " " Mail

SUNDAYS.

9:30 A. M. Mail 10:30 A. M. Mail

4:30 P. M. 5:30 P. M. Mail

Subject to change.

November is the month to visit Narragansett Bay, dotted with its gems and islands; Fort Adams, Fort Green, Conanicut Island, with its historic old Fort and Dismal Swamp, and lovely Jamestown, and beautiful drives to Bearfield and Conanicut Park. Fishing to your heart's content.

20 Cents Round Trip or 12 Tickets for One Dollar.

J. JOHN P. KOHLER, Superintendent.

Flag's Bargain Store,

12 FRANKLIN STREET,

OPP. P. O.

GRAY ENAMELED WARE PRICES.

10 Quart Dish Pan, \$1.00

12 Quart Dish Pan, \$1.20

14 Quart Dish Pan, \$1.40

16 Quart Dish Pan, \$1.60

18 Quart Dish Pan, \$1.80

20 Quart Dish Pan, \$2.00

22 Quart Dish Pan, \$2.20

24 Quart Dish Pan, \$2.40

26 Quart Dish Pan, \$2.60

28 Quart Dish Pan, \$2.80

30 Quart Dish Pan, \$3.00

32 Quart Dish Pan, \$3.20

34 Quart Dish Pan, \$3.40

36 Quart Dish Pan, \$3.60

38 Quart Dish Pan, \$3.80

40 Quart Dish Pan, \$4.00

42 Quart Dish Pan, \$4.20

44 Quart Dish Pan, \$4.40

46 Quart Dish Pan, \$4.60

48 Quart Dish Pan, \$4.80

50 Quart Dish Pan, \$5.00

52 Quart Dish Pan, \$5.20

54 Quart Dish Pan, \$5.40

56 Quart Dish Pan, \$5.60

58 Quart Dish Pan, \$5.80

60 Quart Dish Pan, \$6.00

62 Quart Dish Pan, \$6.20

64 Quart Dish Pan, \$6.40

66 Quart Dish Pan, \$6.60

68 Quart Dish Pan, \$6.80

70 Quart Dish Pan, \$7.00

72 Quart Dish Pan, \$7.20

74 Quart Dish Pan, \$7.40

76 Quart Dish Pan, \$7.60

78 Quart Dish Pan, \$7.80

80 Quart Dish Pan, \$8.00

82 Quart Dish Pan, \$8.20

84 Quart Dish Pan, \$8.40

Woman's Dep't.

A Man Must Live.

BY CHARLOTTE FRANKLIN BROWN.

"A man must live." We justify

Low shift and truck—no, you ought

to a whole lot of things and sold,

With this self-sufficient reply

But is it not? I say to you why

Life at such cost you have to buy?

In what religion were you told

A man must live?

There are those who say a man must die,

laughing, for a battle cry

From soldiers, with the flag unfurled—

From soldiers, with the flag unfurled—

This coward's whim, this life's lie:

A man must live!

Social Democrat.

How a Woman Saved Mt. Vernon.

A few mornings ago, Miss Alice Long,

youngest daughter of the late

Prescott Chapter, Daughters of the

American Revolution, showing how

Mount Vernon was saved, the nation

by a woman. The meeting was held at

the home of the chapter regent, Mrs.

Samuel Eliot, No. 44 Brimmer Street,

and the parlors were filled with mem-

bers and invited guests.

Miss Longfellow told of Miss Ann

Cunningham, a gentlewoman of old

Virginia, who, passing up the Potomac

river one day in 1853, and bearing the

steamer bell toll when passing the home

of Washington, was possessed with

the desire to restore it. The place was

then occupied by a great-grandfather

of the first president, John Augustine

Washington. It was in a state of de-

cay, and the generous hospitality of the

owner, who treated every passing

stranger as a guest, made the expendi-

ture of money for repairs impossible.

When Miss Cunningham ventured to

tell him of her plan, she was met with

horror that would not be that which

would emphasize the degeneracy of

men. But the determined woman sent

out urgent appeals. Her first call was

to the women of the South, and on

July 12, 1854, the first meeting was

held. Edward Everett was one of the

first to offer his services, and as the

result of his lectures \$68,000 were con-

tributed to the fund.

Miss Longfellow read from Miss Cun-

ningham's own words of her battle, for

such a war. Northern people with-

drew, when they learned the property

was to be turned over to Virginia, but

on March 17, 1855, the Ladies' Mount

Vernon Association was formed. There

were misunderstandings which wrung

from Miss Cunningham the pathetic

utterance, "None but God can know

what mortal and mortal sufferings I

have undergone for Mount Vernon."

certain congressmen vowed he would

defeat the association, but at a critical

time Mr. Washington showed his loy-

alty, and just at the time when Miss

Cunningham was ready to die from

anxiety and discouragement, a definite

conclusion was reached. In addition

to the actual price of the plantation,

Household Fancy Work.

Centerpiece and Dishes.

HUNGARIAN DESIGN.

Bulgarian embroidery, as we know

it is what we have seen on the brown

flour squares, and is valuable chiefly

for its durability and its pleasing colors.

These squares are rendered in the

bright colors make beautiful designs

and their use with Turkish rugs and

hangings is very appropriate. The

stitching is effective, rather than accu-

rate. The figure of the characteristic

designs are made, but they are full of

suggestions, and it is possible to cre-

ate out these to obtain most graceful

and dainty designs. When they are

adapted to fine laces and embroidered

with Hessian's highly finished silk,

the result is at once orientally rich

and sufficiently dainty for table use.

Heavy colorings are more and more

to be urged for centerpieces and dishes

which are to be placed under gas light

and recently finished centerpieces of a

22-inch centerpieces and 8-inch dishes

to match.

The scalloped edges were button-

holed with blue and gold brown from

lawny twisted embroidery silk. One

connecting scallop should be blue, the

next brown. The inner edge of scal-

lops should be outlined in the black

embroidery silk, also the straight lines

enclosing the scroll and base of the d.

lies. The same blue in Japan flax silk

brown, may be used for the scroll.

Keep the blue on one edge, brown on

the other. Embroider in the overlap

long and short stitch. Work the little

trefoils within the scallop in satin stitch

with pink Japan flax and cross-stitch

them alternately with the scallop

color.

The flower and leaf forms should

carry the colors of the edge with a few

in addition. Use blue and green. In

the flower forms, divide blue and

brown, pink and red. The leaf forms

should be embroidered in long and

short stitch. The flower forms may be

made altogether or nearly so, or filled

with feather stitch or satin stitch dis-

posed. The satin stitch may be done

in Japan flax. Distribute the colors

so that, in the centerpieces, the colors

to certain forms, combine the colors

rather than mix them.

Japan flax should be used in the

figures of the dishes, even for the cross

barrier.

It is possible to introduce the red

into the dish scallops in the little con-

necting points, and to so combine the

colors as to make all the edges differ-

ent. I will answer any questions.

EVA M. NILES.

The Monkey & Dinner Bells.

Nature has hundreds of queer ways

of scattering seeds broadcast, but none

THE BROWN STONE

are n't
em, my

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., N. Y. C.

PORTSMOUTH.

Mr. Patrick F. Murphy is having a new horse barn built 20x50 feet with 15 feet post, Mr. Edward A. Coggeshall builder.

Mr. Robert W. Anthony spent Saturday and Sunday with his sister Mrs. John H. Brown in Providence.

Mr. Charles Littlefield, one of the employees at the "Glen Farm," has leased the Edward Anthony farm on the West Main road and moved there on Friday.

The Town Council, Stone Bridge Commissioner and several invited citizens went on Tuesday, to inspect the new electric railway between Marlboro and Worcester, Mass. They returned much pleased with their observations, and hope to see a similar one here at an early date.

As Mr. Edward A. Coggeshall was returning from work on Tuesday, his horse dropped dead in the road, cause unknown.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather on Monday evening, about forty relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Peckham, assembled at their home to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. The evening was spent in social converse and music and dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Peckham were the recipients of some handsome and useful presents. A fine collation was served and the company left in the early morning, with best wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Peckham.

At the regular meeting of Portsmouth Grace, P. of H. on Thursday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—
Worthy Master—George Coggeshall.
Overseer—Wm. H. Gilford.
Lecturer—Mr. John H. Eldredge.
Steward—John V. Edis.
Assistant Steward—Adrian P. Anthony.
Chaplain—Joseph C. Gilford.
Treasurer—J. Lincoln Sherman.
Secretary—Miss Fannie Sherman.
Gate Keeper—Walter A. Lowe.
Cores—Mrs. George Coggeshall.
Fountain—Mrs. D. Frank Edis.
Lady Assistant Steward—Miss Anna O'Brien.
Executive Committee for three years—Edward H. Anthony.

Messrs. Herbert Wyatt and Archie Harrington have gone to Washington, D. C.

TIVERTON.

A farmers' institute will be held at White's Hall Tuesday evening. Professor O. Plagg of the Kingston Agricultural College will lecture on the best methods of raising potatoes.

The musical and literary society have reorganized and the members will meet every other Monday evening at the parsonage. The officers elected for the winter season are: President—Rev. Samuel Rose, Vice—President—Miss Florence W. Brown, Secretary—Miss Lillian O. Potter, Mrs. Samuel W. Hathaway was appointed a committee on programmes and Mrs. E. L. White a committee on music. It was voted that

American literature be taken up, and a brief sketch of authors be given from time to time by the members during the season's work.

The members of the C. E. society met with Mrs. Carrie A. Potter Friday evening. The social was well attended and the evening's programme was of such an enjoyable character that the members on invitation of Mrs. Potter voted to meet with her again next month.

Considerable interest is being centered at the meeting of the Court of Probate Monday at the Town Hall, when the will of the late Benjamin Barker which was mislaid and only recently found will be probated. It was supposed that there was no will, and in July Mrs. Barker was appointed by the court of probate as sole administratrix of the estate, and letters of administration were granted. Bond \$10,000. Survives N. B. Chubb and Charles A. Hamblin.

Governor Dyer has appointed Philip H. Wilbur of Little Compton a member of the Shell Fish Commission to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. W. F. Dyer of Portsmouth.

Florida, Augusta, Aiken—the South.

The season is open for Southern travel. The Southern Railway, announces the most perfect, dining and sleeping car service for all Southern cities and winter resorts for the season of 1897-98. The two limited trains—the Washington and Southern Limited and United States Fast Mail—are operated daily, every day in the year, giving the most superb service. New York to New Orleans, Aiken, Augusta, Asheville (The Land of the Sky), Savannah, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Tampa, Atlanta, Memphis, Chattanooga, and, in fact, any point South or Southwest. Effective January 17th, the "Florida Limited" will be resumed—a most magnificent train built especially by the Pullman Company for this service, and will be operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, composed exclusively of dining, library, observation, drawing room, and compartment sleeping cars. Leaving New York daily, except Sunday, at 12:10 noon, reaching St. Augustine following afternoon for lunch; also attached to this train will be most perfect service New York to Aiken and Augusta; also Brunswick, Ga., and Jacksonville. For full particulars, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thwait, Eastern passenger agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

Foster's Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1897, by W. F. Foster.
St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 4.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm waves to cross the continent from December 4th to 6th and 11th to 14th. The third disturbance of December will reach the Pacific coast about 15th, cross the west of Rockies country by close of 10th, great central valleys 17th to 19th, eastern states 20th.
Warm wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 16th, great central valleys 17th, eastern states 19th. Cool wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 18th, great central valleys 20th, eastern states 21st.
Temperature of the week ending December 18th will average below normal east of the Rockies and above on the Pacific slope. Most rain and snow of the month will occur not far from 18th.
Not far from 20th a severe cold wave will cross the continent affecting most of the country east of the Rockies. It will be of short duration.
The last week in December will be generally dry.

Nell—Yes, she takes me to the theatre, buys me flowers and candy, and all that sort of thing.
Belle—Yet you don't care for him; why do you play with the man's affections?
Nell—Play? I call it working them.—[Philadelphia Record.]

JAPANESE LANTERNS

For 20c, 70c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, up to \$5.00 a dozen.

IFLAGS

OF ALL KINDS IN SILK, BUNTING OR MUSLIN.

FIREWORKS

Colored Torches, Colored Fire, Roman Candles, Sky Rockets, Water Fireworks, Hot Air Balloon, and Celebration Goods of all kinds.

—AT—

LANDERS'

167 Thames Street.
COVELL'S BLOCK.

Four or Five tons of
Damaged Ryestraw in bales

\$9.00 per ton.

A. A. BARKER,

162 & 164

BROADWAY.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH
OR YOUR MONEY BACK.
OUR GUARANTEE.

Close

Inspection

of quality and prices on
Clothing, Hats, Caps and
Men's Furnishings.

will convince you that we give more for the money than anybody else in town. We show the handsome kind of Men's Hats and Dress Suits, at \$10, \$12 and \$15. Suits that fit and give satisfaction.

Model Clothing Co.,
192 & 194 THAMES ST.

About the State.

A broken rail was responsible for the derailling of a smoking car on the Passaic branch of the New England Road Saturday evening by which half a dozen men were injured and other fatalities narrowly averted. The accident occurred half a mile south of Centerville and it was several hours before the track was cleared.

Town Clerk M. H. Wood, a deacon of many years standing in the Congregational church of Barrington, was tried by the church on four counts Tuesday night and was suspended from the church. The charges included wife beating, falsifying, creating public scandal, and contempt of the brethren and authorities of the church.

Leola Brown, a brakeman employed on the Consolidated Road, fell from a freight car at Bloctown, Miss., Tuesday night and was taken to the Emory

BOSTON.

NEWPORT.

"NEWPORT ART STORE."

184 Thames Street, Mercury Building.

The effect of a picture is oftentimes lost unless appropriately framed.

We carry the most extensive assortment of frames in the city, and can frame your picture no matter how large or small it is.

OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST.

Oil Paintings, Engravings And Etchings.

Framed and Unframed always on hand.

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

JAS. HAYES, JR., Manager.

DO YOU KNOW

That a Typewriter will save you time, make you money and please your correspondents? Toward NEW FRANKLIN Typewriter, price \$75.00, is a first class Typewriter at a reasonable price. It is the simplest, lightest running, easiest, fastest and the most durable Typewriter made. On the majority of other high grade machines the carriage has to be lifted before the work can be seen. On the New Franklin the work is in sight from the time the first letter is written until the paper is removed from the typewriter.

We will place a machine in your office and if you find you cannot use the little excellent advantage, the machine will be returned to us. For illustrated catalogue and full particulars write to—
NEW FRANKLIN TYPEWRITER CO., 12 A. M. L. Street, Boston, Mass.
Type writers of all makes sold, repaired and reloaded. Typewriter rented, \$3 per month.

HAVE YOU DOZEN OUR LINE OF

Jardinieres

FROM 25 CTS. TO \$5.00 EACH.

Hanging Baskets,
A Number of Patterns.

FLOWER POTS,
From 2 to 18 inches.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE

"JADOO" TO MAKE PLANTS GROW.

Plant Trellises, Rubber Sprinklers, Plant Food,

HYACINTHS, * TULIPS, * NARCISSUS * AND * CROCUS.

SHOULD BE PLANTED NOW TO HAVE THE BEST RESULTS IN THE SPRING.

Special Sale of GLASS WARE, at prices that will astonish you.

For only \$1.75 buy a UNIVERSAL MEAT CUTTER that will cut Meat, Vegetables, Crackers, Bread, Etc. Call and see it.

Blankets, Robes and Skins.

THE GEO. A. NEAVEY CO.,

19, 21, 23 Broadway.

Our Store will at close 6.30 p. m. Mondays, Wednesdays, & Thursdays.

New Advertisements. New Advertisements. New Advertisements.



THE F. F. TEBBETTS CO

Butler Exchange.

Providence, R. I.

Emergency Hospital in Providence. The train passed over both legs and amputation was necessary.

Charles Potter of Pawtucket a young man, had a narrow escape from death on Monday. He had taken some headache powder, purchased at a drug store, the effect of which was to lower his heart's action until it was about to stop. It required several hours of hard work by a physician to overcome the effect of the powder.

The two concerns which it was alleged—Cyrus C. Armstrong defrauded and then committed suicide in consequence thereof, have been reimbursed through the order of the probate court of Providence. The claims were those of the American Surety company for \$3,504.45, and the Roger Williams Savings Fund and Loan association for \$1,853.45. A commission on the estate was appointed some time ago, subsequent to the verdict secured by Armstrong's administrator against a music firm for \$5,000 damages.

Flint's large furniture establishment located at the corner of Weymouth and Eddy streets, Providence, was burned Thursday evening and one man lost his life. The fire was discovered shortly after five o'clock and was supposed to have been caused by some one throwing a lighted cigar into a pile of excelsior. Beside the one death there were several very narrow escapes. The damage by fire and smoke was estimated at \$125,000 partially covered by insurance.

JACKETS, ALWAYS JACKETS.

Our customers all praise our assortment of these always desirable garments. We show an immense stock from one at \$5.00 at \$7.50; Twelve styles at \$10.00 at \$12.50. One at \$15.00 that is sold elsewhere at \$20.00. Be sure and see this one. Others of finer qualities up to \$35.00. Only a few left of the two hundred Sample Jackets at Half Prices.

ASTRACHAN CLOTH CAPES, full Skunk, Oppossum Collar and front Trimmings, all Satin lined, for \$10.00, sold elsewhere at \$15.00. Other qualities and styles at \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$15.00, up to \$35.00; these last have been reduced from \$50.00.

Our FURS are so well and favorably known that you run no risk in trading with us. The qualities are the best, the prices most reasonable.

We have a handsome assortment of LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS in Plain and Plaid Velvets, Brilliantines, Silks and Woolen Plush, \$2.98, \$3.98, \$4.98, \$5.98.

SIGN OF THE GREAT WHITE BEAR.

Death of Capt. Camm.

Capt. Isaac Camm, one of Bristol's few remaining shipmasters of the time of that town's importance as a maritime port, died at his residence, No. 107 Hope street in that town, Sunday afternoon, after an illness of several years' duration.

Capt. Camm was a native of England and came to the United States when eighteen years of age, and going to Bristol at that time which was in 1841, at an early age he engaged in a seafaring life on board ships. For a long term of years Capt. Camm was master of several vessels, mostly brigs, sailing from Bristol and engaged in taking out cargoes from that port to the West Indies and returning with cargoes of sugar cane and other products of the island.

In the early sixties he retired from the seafaring life and was employed in the packing room of the factory of the National India Rubber company, being in charge of the packing of hose and belting.

In the early fifties he was united in marriage to Elizabeth W. Bell, a sister of the late Hon. Nicholas Ball of Block Island. He leaves two sons, Frank and Joseph, and a daughter, Mrs. Annie M. Grosard, wife of John W. Grosard of Fall River. His wife also survives him. He was formerly a member of the Bristol Train of Artillery and at the time of his death was a member of St. Albans lodge, A. F. and A. M., Hope Chapter R. A. M., and United Brothers' lodge, I. O. O. F. of Bristol.

The Southern Railway Company has issued a very handsome pamphlet of sixty-five pages entitled "Shooting and Fishing in the South" which will be sent free upon application to Alex. S. Thwait, 271 Broadway, New York. This book will be of great value to sportsmen who are seeking a new spot for winter shooting and fishing. It describes all the promising localities along the line of the railroad and also gives all the game laws of the Southern States.

Hysander—Who is that elderly gentleman who the crowd has just pushed into the gutter?

Another—Why that's the President of the United States.

"And that long-haired youth they are carrying on their shoulders?"

"Captain Banger, of the champion football team."—Philadelphia Record.

"Every woman, according to the story she tells to her second husband, was forced into her first marriage by the wishes of her parents."—Atonison Globe.

THE LADIES' OF THE

Channing Memorial Church

will hold their usual

Christmas Sale & New England Supper

at the church parlors

Wednesday, Dec. 8,

OPENING AT 11 A. M.

Many useful and fancy articles will be offered. Aprons, Embroideries, Infant's Clothes, and novelties suitable for the season. Home made Cakes and Candies a specialty.

Luncheon from 12 till 2 P. M. New England Supper at 5.30 P. M.

PRICE OF SUPPER, — 35 CTS.

1241 W.

LAST CALL!

We have a very few copies left of

RECOLLECTIONS

—OF—

OLDEN TIMES

by the late

THOMAS R. HAZARD (Shepherd Tom),

containing a history of the

Robinson, Hazard & Sweet

FAMILIES.

This rare work is now out of print and not over twenty five copies remain in the publisher's hands. It will not be reprinted.

If you wish a copy of the best work of Rhode Island's most interesting writer, you will do well to send your order AT ONCE.

Price, three dollars. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of the price.

Address—

MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.,

Newport, R. I.

Nothing better is known for piles than Kelly's Magic Salve.

TOMB IN SOLID ROCK.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN'S BODY SEALED IN AN IMPREGNABLE GRAVE.

His Family Fearful That Ghosts Might Steal the Remains, Like the A. T. Stewart Case—The Casket Imbedded in Cement Banded With Steel Rails.

Learning wisdom from the pages of history, wherein it is related that the body of Millenaire A. T. Stewart was stolen from the grave and held for ransom, together with the frustrated attempt of ghosts to secure possession of the body of the martyr President, Lincoln, the family of George M. Pullman decided to protect his remains, and while the world slept men were engaged in the work of encasing the mahogany casket holding the remains of the dead millionaire in the heart of a solid rock, banded by bars of steel, and impregnable to the attack of vandals with picks or even dynamite itself.

The body of George M. Pullman will lie undisturbed at Chicago as long as time shall last.

Nones of the Egyptian monarchs supposedly resting under the ponderous weight of the pyramids, sleeps more secure from the encroachment of the living world than does the sleeping car magnate in his grave at Graceland.

The contractors having the making of the grave in charge moved their furnaces, their cement and asphaltum into the seclusion of the bushes at some distance from the Pullman lot, which overlooks the pretty little lake. A great rectangular pit was dug thirteen feet long, nine feet wide, and eight feet deep. A flooring of concrete was laid, strengthened and made solid by bands of expanded metal. The work was done with the utmost care, and when completed there was a mass of concrete eighteen inches thick at the bottom of the excavation.

The foreman of the work says that nothing short of dynamite could shatter the base, and it would take many tons of the explosive to do that.

After the services at the grave and the casket and its contents, inclosed in the heavy lead-lined mahogany box, had been laid below the surface, the workmen descended into the sepulcher and moved the lowered burden until it was equidistant to a fraction of an inch from the four sustaining walls. Then they wrapped the polished mahogany box in tar paper and laid on, about and under it an inch coating of asphaltum, which hardened quickly. This coating will prevent the ingress of air, and, except in the case of some extraordinary disturbing event, will preserve the body and the inclosing casket for ages to come.

This work of asphaltizing the inclosing wood being completed, the labor of filling in great spaces at the head and sides with concrete was begun. The surface of the concrete floor was reheated and the fresher substance was laid on to it. The two masses collecting and forming into homogeneous bulk. This process lowered the asphaltized box in a stone-like mass to a level with its upper lid.

The men worked until the inclosing walls were half an inch above the asphaltum coating. Then eight heavy steel "I" rails were brought and laid transversely across the top of the box, their ends resting on the concrete walls at either side and their lower surfaces clearing the asphaltum covering by just one half an inch, the distance to which the side walls of concrete had been built above the asphaltum. This space was left to make an allowance for possible settling and to prevent the steel bars with the weight of concrete above them from crushing in the top of the enveloping mahogany case.

As soon as the rails were in place they were bolted together with two long iron rods which passed through an orifice in each rail, and ran parallel to the side of the lid of the coffin. More tar paper was then called into use to prevent the flow of the concrete into the half-inch space between the rails and the asphaltum, and the work of walling it up began again.

Soon the ends of the rails were firmly imbedded in concrete and the same material rapidly rose under the quick work of the men until the steel bars with their rod connections were hidden from view, and the remains of the palace car magnate had interposed between them and an attack from above a wall of stone and steel.

It was not until late at night that the last of the metal work was completed. It will take all Sunday to fill in the remainder of the concrete, the work being slow on account of the interposition of the expanded metal sheeting which is distributed through the concrete to give it consistency.

Earth was then thrown on top of the stony mass and the sod placed and the myrtle planted, and the grave of George M. Pullman was different in no outward respect than the thousands of others under the shade of the trees of Graceland.

Women Inventing Women's Tonic.

There has always been a sense of surprise that women did not often invent women's tonics—that is, something needed peculiarly in feminine work. But among recent patents issued to women are those for dress covers, for sleeve and cuff-adjusters, for an improved table-fork, for dress-pockets and the material thereof, and for a ventilating device for boots and shoes.

Pneumatic Car Windows.

A Kansan has patented a pneumatic device which raises a car window by air pressure by turning a handle, which admits the air from a cylinder to a piston connected with the sash.

An Imperial Train.

The Kaiser's imperial train, built at a cost of \$330,000, contains twelve cars, including two nursery carriages; has a reception saloon adorned with statuary, and a bath for each sleeping car.

Two Royal Doctors.

Two Princes of the royal family of Bavaria are doctors. Duke Carl practices as an oculist, and another member of the family is a physician in Munich. Duke Carl's wife and daughter.

The vineyards of Italy cover nearly

2,000,000 acres.

What She Said to Melba.

A young girl, an ardent admirer of Madame Melba, at a reception given for the latter was so completely overcome when it came her turn to have a word with the prima donna, that, blushing crimson and looking up with a sweet smile, she murmured: "You sing, I believe?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

If your horses have scratches, use

Kelly's Magic Salve

LOOK!

at our stock of

Chamber Suits, Ladies' Desks, White Enamel Beds, Childs' Tables, and Parlor Furniture.

Also our large line of

Carpets

—IN—

Willtons, Moquette, Standard Body Brussels, Fine Body Brussels, Tapestry Brussels and Ingrains; all Fall Designs.

PRICES REASONABLE.

J. W. HORTON & CO.,

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J. W. HORTON. F. A. WARD.

Furniture &c., Packed, Shipped or Stored.

"BUILT LIKE A

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STERLING

BICYCLES

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EXAMINATION.

Strong, graceful, easy running

and durable.

Sterling Cycle Works, Chicago, Ill.

ASK FOR CATALOGUE.

AGENCY:

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR

NAME OF GOOD AGENT,

WHOSE SHALL

IT BE?

3-27-97

Music Teaching.

MR. JOHN VARS takes pleasure in announcing to the public that after having

teacher, and having been obliged to give

owing to pressure of other things, will now

take up that work again. He has spent

year in acquiring himself with the most

advanced theories and is prepared to give to